

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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MARTYRS.

JOHN HUSS.

Huss was now the beloved and honored head of the University of Prague : he had many warm friends ; he had the happiness of feeling, that he had been the means of introducing more enlightened notions of religion into his native land ; and he might well have anticipated that a long day of happy usefulness was before him ; but it was not so. Great honor was indeed before him, but it was to be purchased by terrible suffering.

One of the popes, Alexander V., published a bull, as the pope's laws are called, in which, though Huss was not named, it was evident that an attack on him was intended. By this, to preach in private chapels was forbidden, or to teach Wycliffe's doctrines in any place whatever, and the archbishop was commanded to proceed against all offenders as heretics, and to suppress all Wycliffe's books by every possible means. To this it is said Huss replied, "I appeal from Alexander

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ill informed to Alexander well informed." The archbishop, according to the orders of the pope, and in obedience to his own bigotry, required all the owners of Wycliffe's books to deposit them in the episcopal palace: giving their owners to understand that they were only to be examined. Upwards of two hundred volumes beautifully written, and richly ornamented, with fanciful gold and silver drawings, in the margins, and at the beginnings and ends of the books and chapters, were brought to him in consequence of this demand. All these he caused to be burned without any examination, or further direction from any other authority. The archbishop who committed this act was a very illiterate, ignorant man, and afterwards in ridicule was called Alphabetarius or the A. B. C. Doctor. He, it was supposed, could not read the books he burned. We can hardly imagine how great was this loss, for all these two hundred volumes had been written with a pen, with the greatest care and labor, as the art of printing was not then discovered. The price of books was of course enormous, and the loss of a single one was a serious thing to the owner. Some of them belonged to the university, and the archbishop had violated their privileges in destroying them. John Huss, both as rector of the university and as the friend and disciple of Wycliffe, entered a protest against this act of injustice, and the question was submitted to the university of Bologna, which gave judgment against the deed; then Huss also appealed to the pope in order to obtain his condemnation of the act, and but for the death of Alexander, it was thought he might have gained the cause; but the new pope, John XXIII., was a very bad man, and took violent measures against Huss, and summoned him to appear at Bologna.

Huss, in taking this journey, would, as every one saw, risk his life. And now it appeared how many friends he had made. The people who saw him standing alone in defence of a common cause took his part. The king and queen, and the university, and a great many nobles, made a powerful intercession in his favor, and sent on a deputation to the pope, with a request that he would dispense with John Huss' making this journey, alleging his innocence, and begging him to receive his legal counsel. Even the archbishop, who had caused the books to be burned, wrote in his favor, and declared that they were reconciled, and that there was no heresy in Bohemia. But all was in vain. The legal defenders of Huss were not listened to, were even ill treated, and he was excommunicated. The pope confirmed this sentence, and Prague was made to suffer for the offences of Huss, and for taking his part. It was forbidden to celebrate mass there, to baptise children, or to bury the dead, as long as John Huss remained in the city. This terrible sentence threw the city into commotion, and was the cause of great confusion, and finally even of bloodshed.

Huss was greatly perplexed to know what course to pursue; he felt that he could not forsake his friends in their trial, that it would be cowardly in him to do so, and that they wanted his aid and support. His followers were called the Gospellers, and their numbers were daily increasing.

The poor A. B. C. archbishop, who seemed to mean no harm, was very wretched at the progress of what he now considered heresy, and resolved to appeal to the emperor for aid. He died on his way to the emperor's court from mere vexation. The new archbishop made

another attempt to destroy Huss. He called a council of Doctors and drew up some articles against him : but they tried in vain to injure Huss in the minds of the people ; for this only brought out an able defence from him ; he begged to be allowed to meet any one face to face who accused him of heresy, and declared he could vindicate himself against all Bohemia. After this, he published another pamphlet against the usurpations of the church of Rome. The Doctors made a weak defence, and appealed to the pope, who sent them to the king, and urged him to put an end to these disturbances. The pope was in fact too busy preparing for a war with Naples ; he found it difficult to obtain money, and he therefore adopted the usual mode with the great head of the christian church, of sending his legates into all christian countries, with the power to sell indulgencies to all who would join his army. These indulgencies were so called because they allowed the purchaser to perform acts which without this permission the church must condemn, thus selling the right to do wrong, and sheltering the sinner under the wings of the church.

When these officers of the pope came to Prague, the king, who was a man of no principle, favored them, and he forbade the Gospellers to interfere with them, in their purpose, but they were too zealous and faithful to the truth to obey the king. Conscience was more to them than the king's command ; they felt that they would be guilty if they were to stand aloof at such a time, and remain silent at the sight of such iniquity ; they therefore took every opportunity of showing the folly and wickedness of trusting to the pardon of a sinful man like themselves. Huss in particular made every effort, and

labored with great energy in this cause. He wrote and distributed little tracts among the people, containing good arguments for them to use against this abuse. Thus by his activity and that of his followers, the raising of the required troops was entirely prevented. This, of course, greatly vexed the king and the magistrates, and they seized three of the Gospellers; but the person of Huss was yet thought too sacred to be touched.

The whole city was in an uproar at the imprisonment of these men; the most violent of their friends took up arms, and surrounded the town hall, and demanded the release of their companions. They were promised that their friends should be set free, and the people returned home, and then the prisoners were immediately put to death.

Huss showed his gentle, excellent spirit at this time; he was pained at the riot, and did all he could to make peace; he urged the people to endure with patience, and to refrain from further violence, though they had been so deeply injured. This moderation was misconstrued by his enemies; they knew that at the sound of a bell, Huss could have been surrounded by thousands of zealots, who would have laughed at the police of the city; when therefore they saw him submitting to injuries quietly, they concluded that the death of their friends had struck terror into the hearts of the Gospellers, and that now was the time to subdue them forever. The king therefore who in his heart hated the reformers, commanded Huss to leave the city. Huss, whose nature was as gentle, as it was brave, did not at first clearly discern what it was his duty to do. The court, the people protected him, and wished him to remain in the city; his doctrines were

spreading fast ; he considered them as important, saving truth ; he did not recognize the authority of the sentence of banishment, and he felt as if to leave his friends and followers was being unfaithful to them ; that like the good shepherd he should stand ready to give up his life for the sheep under his care,—then the words of Jesus, “ When they persecute you in one city, flee ye unto another,” came to his mind, and it was only after a severe striving of his spirit to discover what was the right way, that he resolved to leave his beloved chapel, where he had preached so long, and to seek refuge in his native village Hussinetz, under the protection of the lord of the place.

There was a marked difference between the doctrines of Huss and those of his master, Wycliffe, which was one cause of great struggle and suffering to Huss ; he wanted the clearness of perception which enables a man to follow out undoubtingly his own conclusions. Wycliffe totally denied the authority of the pope ; he thought the Church consisted of the whole body of Christians, not merely of the clergy ; he preached against the riches of the clergy, and thought they ought to be married, and wanted them to be poor. He did not believe in holy water and consecration. He thought no good man could be a heretic ; heresy, he said, consisted in a bad life. Of prayer he said, “ He who loveth best prayeth best.” He was greatly in favor of education. He thought it wrong, upon the principles of the Gospel, to take away the life of any man, upon any occasion. The whole trade of war he thought utterly unlawful, nor did he think even the execution of a criminal an allowable practice.

Huss did recognize to a certain extent the power of

the pope, and yet he recommended to every man, to examine for himself, and to judge of a doctrine according to the light within him ; yet he did not seem to feel how incompatible these two principles were, hence, much of his distress of mind ; he did not quite see his duty. Huss however said to his friends that his meeting with the writings of Wycliffe was the happiest circumstance of his life, that he wished no better eternity than to exist with that excellent man. Like him he preached against the abuses in the church and the bad lives of the clergy, particularly their love of wealth. But it does not appear that he disapproved of war, or that he condemned capital punishment. Huss was not so fearless a thinker as Wycliffe ; but in his life, in his acts, no one had more courage ; for what he did believe, he was ready to die.

In his retirement at Hussinetz, Huss was not idle ; here he wrote a little treatise in which he proved even by the authority of the fathers and from the canons of the church, as well as from reason, that the books of heretics must be read and not burned. As he no longer had the power to preach in public, he gave out questions for the people to discuss in private. They of course came to him with their difficulties. Thus was the pope's authority undermined by him as effectually as before. People from all parts of the country visited Huss during his retirement at Hussinetz. He continued to write and to teach. He wrote a paper called *The Six Errors*, which he caused to be fixed on the gates of the Chapel of Bethlehem, in which he pointed out the absurdity of a blind faith in the pope, of excommunication, of indulgencies, and of other false and wicked abuses in the Catholic Church. This paper was well received by all classes ;

it brought out many disgraceful stories of the conduct of the priests, which were now related openly to the people. So many shameful things came to light in relation to the clergy, that they became so infamous, that few of them dared to appear in public. The king finding that the tide of public sentiment set against the clergy, promised to take their part, if they would assist him with money, which they agreed to do.

In the mean time the persecution against Huss was for the time allayed ; it seemed as if the church thought it unsafe to provoke further discussion of the abuses it was guilty of, and saw that it was most for its interest to let Huss alone. He was left free to return to the city of Prague. Again the gentle goodness and wisdom of the reformer seemed triumphant over evil and sin. Again it seemed as if truth and justice were to conquer. But the peace he now enjoyed was like the stillness which precedes the coming storm.

E. L. F.

[To be continued.]

“PARENTAL AFFECTION.

A SIMPLE STORY.”

TRANSLATED FROM JEAN PAUL.

THIS is the title given by Richter to the following exquisite dissertation upon the attractions peculiar to infancy and childhood, and the fanciful little story appended to it ; of which the simplicity in the narrative and wild profusion of the imagery, will please our younger readers, while older ones may be interested in the profound and original remarks with which it is interspersed. We add

our warm approbation of the course pursued by the father of Julius with his little son, believing with him, that no other courage is deserving of the name, but that which fully appreciates the whole extent of a danger, and then meets it with firmness and composure. Such a habit of mind is the best preparation for that highest form of virtue, expressed in the celebrated declaration of the hero, who said, 'I fear God, and know no other fear.'

"To him who loves best to look for the good in human nature—and this must always be the case with those who are good themselves, since only the devil and his wild huntsmen run with their blood-hounds after Yahoos, and prefer knocking at the Augean stable, rather than at the divine palace of humanity—whose heart nurtures itself upon the moral beauties of the human race, and whose own virtue derives inspiration from the general virtue of mankind—to such an one, parents clasping their children in their arms, appear like happy Genii, and he sees that men are capable of love. All men would probably have this capacity, were not heavenly pleasures less free of access to them and more liable to be embittered, than earthly pasturage; for it is the condition of this planet that we may revel with greater licence in all the corporeal appetites, than in those which are most spiritual, and that every sense is more frequently satiated than the heart.

But notwithstanding the amount of love which must ever be stifled in the world, the parental flame still blazes with its ancient brightness, and misanthropy itself is rarely averse to children. The love of them cannot be accounted for as a mere natural impulse; were it only instinct in us as in the animals, then would our love like theirs, be warmest towards the newly born, and ever af-

terwards grow colder ; whereas on the contrary, the love increases with the growth of the child, and is so much warmer on the wedding than on the baptismal day, that it scarcely seems the same affection. This fact is confirmed by an observation applicable to the best of parents, especially fathers, that they love the children of other people better, when they have children of their own. If it be alleged that the only reason is because all children, like savages, look, speak, and act alike, and that we therefore enjoy in those of others the echo of our love for our own, I admit the suggestion, and aided by it proceed to prove that our love for children is neither the mere return of their affection for us, nor yet mutual love—for though children in their innocence love us, they are still naturally selfish ; they easily forget, and they make no sacrifices. Neither is it a beautiful blossom from the thorn-bush of self-love, avarice, or ambition, for the soldier fondles his battles, and the poet his immortal song, as genuine children, whatever be the offspring of their wedded love—neither, in short, is this love mere compassion for their helplessness, for the helplessness of those who have attained to full growth is often far more pitiable. But it has a higher significance, though not clearly defined even to ourselves, namely, that in the child alone, the fairer part of humanity comes out distinctly from the surrounding darkness, and *this* it is which exercises the attraction—presented as it were in miniature, liable to be overlooked, in connexion with trifles, full of power, but not commanding us. It is the touching contrast of a whole human soul in a diminutive human body—the innocent unconsciousness, not merely of pleasing, but also of doing wrong ; for the faults of the child solely consist in the misapplica-

tion of his beautiful impulses through the weakness of his judgment—it is the novelty of this appearance, mingling itself with our own earliest recollections—this living miniature painting of our spring and Eden-world, which like an altar-piece and decoration tablet, brings together the future and the past—it is these moral beauties, of which even the evil-minded can feel the purity, not being tempted as in the case of men to take advantage of them for their own wicked purposes—it is all this, which prompts us to fall down like the Magi of old and worship them, as if God had again become man in every child.

Let us now proceed to a little story concerning the love for children.

The youthful Sidonia and Thorismund, a military officer, were lovers. Hers was the love of a poetess for a soldier, as the female sex is always partial to conquerors, and he returned her affection. Being a courageous and strong-minded man, and at the same time abounding in taste, he loved in her those imaginative powers in which, with all his susceptibility and tenderness, he himself was deficient.

During her bridal weeks, she had the following dream. She seemed to be looking on a long field full of flowers, where a multitude of children were at play. At the end of it, stood closed, the gate of heaven, hung about with wreaths of lilies. One child after another amid their play, knocked at it, but still it remained shut. Some of them pulled away the lilies from the gate, but as they ran off after crowning themselves with them, their rosy cheeks grew pale and showed only the colour of the lilies. Suddenly Sidonia heard the gate of the earth opened behind her, and looked round. She saw a small

child's coffin slowly move in among the children in the meadow, not borne by hands; it was painted over with flowers, and the children ran after it. Presently it stood still, and the lid lifted itself up; two of the children near by, named Julius and Julia, disputed which should get in to it; at length Julius yielded and Julia entered it. The lid closed itself and the coffin passed on through the gate of heaven, which opened of its own accord, while Julius lamented for the loss of his sister. Immediately, the whole scene was veiled in thick darkness, and a mournful voice only was heard to cry, 'Sidonia, thy daughter is dead.' All disappeared at once in the gray air, and Sidonia saw a blooming boy lying asleep at her feet, who resembled Julius. As she attempted to awaken him with her finger, she perceived that his forehead was cold, and the little figure gathering itself up, said, 'I am not Julius, I am only wax.'

Upon this Sidonia awoke in alarm. After a few days the gloomy dream returned to her, but in less vivid colours, and the fear of its being prophetic was dissipated, when she remembered how often, even in her waking hours, she had indulged her poetic fancy in wild visions.

When she told her dream to her husband, he laughed at her, and said, 'I too dreamed last night that you died the day before yesterday. Dreams are nonsense, but I give you my word of honor in earnest, that our first girl shall be called Julia, and our first boy Julius, according to your wild dream. Should we be afraid of dreams, when we have in our waking hours sufficient terrors to occupy us? Speak, is it not so, Sidonia?'

She made no reply, knowing how useless it would be to attempt to persuade him to revoke his word once given.

She gave birth to a son and daughter at the same time ; she knew beforehand that Thorismund would name them Julius and Julia, which he did accordingly.

In the mean time her feminine anxiety gradually subsided under present happiness and the reasonable probability of a similar futurity. Both the children were so unlike those of her dreams, and the little Julia whom in them she had seen dead, almost exceeded her brother in vigorous health. The two children seemed to represent our first parents, Adam and Eve, not merely in coming to the earth like them at the same time, or because all children through innocence and guilt, prosperity and adversity, reflect as in a mirror the brief life in Eden, but because in their tender countenances Julius was the emblem of a youth, and Julia of a maiden. The paradise of Adam and Eve was again enjoyed by the parents who through it prepared for that which is to come.

They were to be banished however, both from their own Eden and that of their children. When these were seven years old, the cherub with the flaming sword made his appearance in the form of war. The father was compelled to depart from love, to battles, to exchange domestic enjoyment for domestic separation. The wife expressed her sorrow in the following letter to a friend.

‘My beloved Sophia,—*Mine* now, more intimately than at other times, and permit me to cling the closer to you, that I may forget how much I am deprived of. The war has drawn my Thorismund also into its vortex ; he must be whirled about in it, and perhaps perish. But not a word more of this ! Would it be honourable to complain, when a man who has long borne a military title, has at length been summoned to perform deeds worthy of

it, and the day has arrived when he is called to fulfil the pledge of years? To be honest, these last words are his, rather than my own. After receiving his orders, he was unwilling to linger a moment, except for the birthday of our twins, whom he so inexpressibly loves. To every person, but especially to a mother, the exhibition of affection for children is of all love, the most beautiful. In this alone (friendship itself not being excepted) there is no more room for jealous envy, than in the love of stars and flowers. 'Love but our children,' says the mother; 'and I will love thee the more; thy heart is not divided, but only enlarged by so doing.' It is equally beautiful to love the children in the father, and the father in the children—beautiful to possess an universe of love in the little one, and ever in embracing it to include a third. It always moves me, to see my Thorismund, who is not prone to wield his commanding staff too softly, gentle as a lamb towards my nursling. It is his rule—and I certainly shall practise it more carefully in his absence than in his presence—to refuse a request in none but the mildest manner. 'Why,' says he, 'should we by harshness, add to what is harsh in itself. On the other hand, he announces with great firmness commands and prohibitions which have reference to a distant future.—'What should you do,' said he to Julius, 'supposing I were to be killed with a shot!'—'I would draw your sword,' said the boy, 'and cut in pieces two or three of the enemy.'—'But you would not be with me.'—'Well! but I would take Spitz (the dog) and jump out of the window with him, and then both of us would be killed, and so we should be with you.'—My Julius not having sufficient natural courage to answer his father's excessive requisitions, (though in him it

does not amount to inconsiderate rashness) he has incited him to acquire it by the stimulus of ambition, and now admits that this goes farther, and is more noble, than the vulgar reckless braving of all danger. But upon one subject we have differed. You know how exposed our chateau is, either by its situation or some other cause, to damage from thunder storms; on account of which my husband has surrounded it with a multitude of lightning rods. All stand in peculiar awe of this sublimest power of nature, not excepting even children, who have no fear of fire or noises; probably, because it proceeds directly from heaven, from the dread unseen hand of Deity. I used therefore when mine were quite young, to describe the thunder to them as the rolling coach of spring, and told them that the lightning was broad long sparks of fire, which it struck out in its path among the clouds. But Thorismund would not suffer this to continue long. He was opposed to any poetic notions which must afterwards be taken back, and insisted that there could be no courage in not fearing an object which was simply lovely and excited no alarm; so he took the opposite course, and plainly said to the boy, 'A thunder storm may kill thee in an instant, but wouldst thou be afraid?'—'I am not a hare,' replied Julius—for his father had often teased him by calling him so in derision. The very night before his departure, my Thorismund went in to the sleeping children, not to awaken them by a leave-taking, but to carry away in his soul the most beautiful impression of their images; for if a grown person when asleep be beautiful and holy like the dead, far more so is a slumbering child—a child asleep, is doubly a child, the blossom of a life-world still shut up in the bud. The innocent countenance reposes

in a state of transfiguration, free from the scars of time, the fever spots of passion, or the branding of sin. Hence it is only with children who laugh in their sleep, that we can believe the angels play. How often will those calm features hover before the poor soldier and father, in the battle-field of slaughter and destruction, like far off stars!

‘Forgive this long prattling about my children; in it I try to forget my hero for a little space, that I may while away the tedious indefinite period of his absence. A hard time it is! the spokes of its hour-wheels will slowly rake my heart, until some fatal tidings perhaps, may inflict my death-blow. Alas! such is life; for love is suffering, and every additional being whom you love, threatens you with whatever may wound him; so that though like myself you may be completely armed against your own fate, the arrow which pierces the breast you love, will penetrate through yours. But let us still love and suffer; I would continue to love every one of you the same, though I were assured by fate that you would all depart tomorrow; for even then, Sophia, I should still *have* loved you.

Your SIDONIA.

P. S. The letter has laid by me a week. I expected that Julius and Julia would talk of nothing but their father after his departure, and long to see him. But no! they speak of him transiently, and continue their old plays. This grieves me sorely for their father’s sake. It is true, I know the reason, and I forgive the little ones. May you be happy.’

But she did not quite know the whole reason. This plunging into the present, which so beautifully overtops the future and the past, is a faculty in children rather to be envied than lamented; like divinities, they live in an

eternity unmeasured by time, whose hurrying stream is to them a wide, calm, all-surrounding ocean. Just in proportion as their love has nothing to do with the past, it possesses more of presence and fulness, and in after years, through its very surrender without looking back, to the present, it becomes a deeper remembrance.

The war, with the sorrows it occasioned to those who were remote from it as well as near, commenced its mighty progress. Her Thorismund wrote her letters full of consolation and inquiries; but what consolation could any of them give, while they only imparted relief in regard to the past, and not the present; and while at the very moment of their joyful perusal, the distant loved one might be bleeding.—Her children alone, their education and prosperity, formed here and there, green spring-spots on the wide snow field of her existence. She was now the father of her Julius, and all the paternal rules of education which she had once opposed with her maternal ones, she now faithfully and earnestly observed, in order to surprise the father upon his return with the improvement of his pupil. Thus at length her life flowed on in greater tranquillity, and its banks became less steep. Unsmitten amid the thunderbolts of war, her husband continued to write to her, and so her fear continually diminished, for even fear with mortals wears itself out.

Upon a beautiful warm spring morning, she at last received the joyful tidings, that she should again soon press to her heart him whom it warmly cherished. But the evil spirit of falsehood, which in her bridal dreams had presented Julia as dead, envied her happiness, though Julia continued still to bloom. The spring morning was

lovely as paradise, a deep unwonted azure rested over the hills and woods, and every tree veiled in its robe of flowers seemed like a joyous May-pole, while all the blossoms opened wider as if to drink in the warm breath of nature. At noon, thunder clouds arose from behind the mountains, and collected over men's heads. The beams of the sun, flashes of lightning, and sparkling drops of rain were at the same time sporting in the sky. Julius always loved rain, like the doves. He waded along in the brook where the chain of the lightning rod hung down; he seized hold upon it for the purpose of swinging himself by it to a greater height. The weeping sun turned his face away from him. A gray thunder cloud whirled its little vapours over his head. A small flash suddenly leaped from it down the rod—the child lay dead in the water!

Some time afterwards, when the whole sky had again become clear and was kindly beaming, search was made for Julius.

Then it was, that the mother from a window, saw her son lying in the wet stream, glowing in the reflection of the sun, with open eyes as if still alive. With a scream, she rushed down to the water and pulled him out; the child still appeared in all his former beauty, for the thunderbolt which only rends trees, but spares the human form, had not impaired a single charm; he had merely stiffened in the water. Kissing and calling on him, she carried him along, looking round for some deeper stream, into which she might again plunge with him and end her mighty anguish. But let a veil fall over her grief!

After making every effort of despair to restore him, Sidonia was at length completely prostrated beneath the

stunning blow ; but even the happiness of stupefaction was not granted her, since the corpse, as is usual with all after being struck with lightning, in passing rapidly into a state of decomposition, assumed a life-like ruddiness which again deceived her with a brief dawn of hope. She caused a wax image of it to be taken while under this beautiful aspect, that she might as it were petrify her grief. After some days a fisherman brought her the little hat, which had floated down the brook to one of her husband's favorite groves. Then it was, that her stern immobility melted into a flood of tears. When the wax image was completed and the funeral over, Sidonia sank down into a calm deep sadness. The waxen show-child—this scaffold of her grief, stood before her, an imitated wax pearl, instead of the pearl of price which she had lost. This waxen mother's-doll of sorrow was arrayed in all the latest garments of the original—a living boy she could not have endured. She had even said to her Julia in the unreflecting overflow of her grief, 'For thee he died, because thou wast chosen in my dream.'

She could not write to her Thorismund ; her terror was, lest he might be so much more overwhelmed than herself by this fatal intelligence concerning his darling, as to rush without consideration into the hottest battle ; being strongly inclined in his calmest estimate of life to sacrifice it boldly. And she was also silent, because though able to speak, she could not write concerning her misfortune. Spoken sorrow listens to spoken comfort, and every sigh is alleviated by an answering spirit ; but when written, it produces a deep solitary wound, cooled by no balsam from without. It is far easier to talk away suffering, than to write it away.

After the burial, she rested, without sleeping, through two long silent nights, in presence of the wax image. Upon the third she lay down, and either to break the silence, or for some other cause, she applied a sea-shell to her ear. It is well known that some of these intricate muscles are a continuous unceasing Eolian harp, and a strange emotion arises in the soul, when in the silence of the calm air, this melody of the shell sounds on, as if produced by its own power, and seems like a hearing-tube placed against the opening of some unknown world. There is no need of sorrow—a poetic imagination is sufficient to enable one to lose one's self in this diapason of harmony.

Sidonia at length dropped asleep under this uniform sound, but the music of the shell passed with her into the vagaries of her dreams. She dreamed as follows.

At first the images were confused—a beheaded Phoenix—guardian angels with broken drooping wings—death on a winged steed, prancing through the universe—a planet serving for the beheading block of life, and in the distance, a snow white mountain, composed of faces of deathlike paleness,—in the centre of the universe, an everlasting cry of fire and ringing of alarm bells, but none knowing where were the fire and the alarm—a little earth full of bald headed children, shaking itself to and fro, and the mothers crying aloud, 'We shall not have a curl nor a single hair that we can cut off, when our darlings die'—and then a voice replied, 'Only bury them first, and the hair will grow in the grave.' At length the sun arose, but he had been shoved away into a concave mirror, and this mirror reflected towards the west, the image of a mouldering body in the air, over against the throne of God,

and the image was hanging close to God—hereupon there was a bright moon which the mother drew to herself, and it was filled with children's little hats, children's trumpets, knives and playthings; in the background, stood the thunder-god, with Julius in his arms, whom he lifted up through the high stars, and then put down upon the ground. The child seemed to be anxiously looking after something, and ran about without seeing or knowing his mother. At last he found it behind herself, and came dragging after him his own wax image, with which he wrestled, and then thrust a diamond needle into its heart, 'Die, manikin,' said he, 'or Julia and I shall not prosper.' He then joyfully sprung before his mother, and said, 'I must turn round the moon, for you have never seen its other side and must see it now.' He worked away vigorously at the horizon of the moon, planting lightning rods against it, until he had at length wheeled it round. The mother and himself then stood on the reversed side. Upon her right hand appeared a calm broad sea, with a setting sun, which in its progress from west to east, passed through the deep, and at the noon of night glowed through the waves with ever brighter and more varied colours, until they caught the divided rays, and rolling upwards, reflected them in countless rainbows. Children then came hastening on in throngs from unknown shores, over bridges of rainbow arches, and as they arrived clapped their hands for joy. Julia also came riding in a world-chariot, and Julius fell upon her neck. Sidonia turned towards the procession of children. How beautifully lay the world stretched out before her—a boundless garden, filled with palm trees and lilies waving on their tops. Swans sat upon the trees, rocking them-

selves to their own songs. A guiding angel hovered over the head of each child ; but over Julia's there were two, as though she needed upon the thirsty earth two genii. Whenever the head of a child drooped in slumber, an angel touched it, and it instantly turned into a slumbering flower ; for in that paradise, not even the image of death was permitted to remain upon the eyes which were closed in sleep. Flowers grew out of the ground without stems, and the fruit lay already in the blossoms. In the garden, statues bearing on their heads baskets of flowers, often took them down and playfully shook them over the children, as they were leaping around in their sports.

Suddenly the moon staggered, as though some giant were heavily treading on its rim, and one could easily look down from its quivering ball upon our earth, where nothing was to be seen but flying shadows, and in every nursery there was the dance of death. Julius called from above to his mother, as if she were no longer standing by him, 'O mother, come up.'—When the moon was in its most violent agitation, Julius kneeled down and prayed, 'O mighty God ! the God of love is coming.' But the mother could see nothing farther ; the stars alone beneath the moon, were pressing together in silver-clouds, and from the more distant suns showers of light descended on the clouds. The mother *saw* nothing—but soft tones were breathed among the stars, as though in the heavens above, the dark and dread Immensity, in which the Divine presence hides itself, were revealed to view. And now the kneeling child laid his face upon the earth, at his mother's feet, and prayed, 'O gracious God, my mother weeps, give her new eyes ; her heart is bleeding, give her another ; descend upon the earth to her and

shine into her spirit, give her to see that Thou, and my father, and my sister yet live ; then indeed she will smile again. Grant this, Almighty Gracious God, or I cannot be happy even in thy heaven, when I look down on earth !

Hereupon Sidonia awoke in delicious tears ; but the kneeling Julius of her dream still floated before her in the air, until in looking on the image of wax she lost him. But his prayer remained answered in her heart ; her bitter agony was softened into tender longing. Julia became Julius to her. The hope too of the arrival of her beloved, contributed to pour balsam into her closing wound. Even the waxen statue was also a comfort to her, as she transferred to it the glorification of her dream, and fastened upon it the ethereal image.

Upon a beautiful evening, when she was forgetting the present in thinking on the means of comforting her husband, he himself stood before her, a victorious warrior, and with double ecstacy sank upon her breast, while Julia pressed forward to his embrace.—‘ But master Julius,’ said he, to the wax image, ‘ canst not thou come also ? ’—A cry of anguish burst from the wife, ‘ Oh God, our son is dead, *that* is only his wax image.’—With flashing eyes he went up to it, fixedly gazed on it, and at last exclaimed, ‘ False, accursed dream ! away with thee ! ’—and dashed it to pieces.

How Sidonia suffered, both with her husband and on account of this second loss of the child, every heart can tell. But she who had first obtained comfort, soon became the comforter of the father. All his tranquil reflections on the past disposed him to welcome Sidonia’s more cheerful second dream. This indeed, together with a new campaign, soon scarred his wound.”

THE TWO CLOUDS.

"THAT good for nothing—hateful rain!
I heard a little girl complain
So bitterly one summer-day,—
"Why could it not have kept away?
The sun, this morning, rose so fair
In the blue sky—I do declare
That cruel weather has no right
To act so, just as if in spite,
That I might wear that mean old gown,
And stay all day in this dull town.
Here am I in my fine new frock,
All ready for that lovely walk,
And now that ugly cloud must come
To pen me up all day at home."—
"Fie! little lady, tell me, now,
Is not the cloud upon thy brow
Far uglier than the kindly one
That comes between thee and the sun,
To screen thee from the scorching heat
That on thy head would fiercely beat,
And send from God, the genial shower
To cheer parched field and fainting flower?"

The evening-sun broke forth, at last,
With sparkling smile—the storm was past—
In all earth's myriad eyes there stood
Great, glistening tears of gratitude.
I saw reflected there the glance
Of God's benignant countenance,
And she, that thoughtless, fretful child,
Looked out with tearless cheeks and smiled.

C. T. B.

THE ELVES.

FROM TIECK.

"WHERE is Maria?" asked her father one day.

"She is playing out in the field, with a neighbour's son," answered the mother.

"I hope they will not get lost," said the father, "they are so thoughtless."

The mother went to look after the children, and carry them their supper. "It's so hot!" said the boy: and the little girl eagerly stretched out her hand for the cherries. "Now be careful, children," said the mother, "and do not go too far from the house, nor into the wood: father and I are going out into the field." "Oh, you need not be anxious," answered Andrew; "for we are afraid of the wood; we shall stay here by the house, where there is some one near us."

The mother went away and soon came out again with the father. They shut up the house, and went towards the field, to look after the laborers, and to see to the hay, on the meadow. Their house stood on a green hillock, surrounded by a neat paling, which inclosed also their garden and orchard; the village extended somewhat farther down the slope, and on the other side stood the castle of the Count. Martin had hired a large farm of the Count, and lived contentedly with his wife and his only child; for he laid up something every year, and had the prospect of becoming a man of property by means of his industry; for the land was productive, and the Count did not exact an oppressive rent.

As he walked towards the fields with his wife, he looked pleasantly around him, and said, "How different this place is, Bridget, from the one we used to live in. Here everything is so green, and the whole village is filled with fruit-trees; the ground is covered with beautiful flowers and vegetables; all the houses are cheerful and neat; the people are all well off;—it seems even as if the woods were finer and the sky bluer here; and as far as the eye can reach one sees to his heart's content the bounty of Nature."

"As soon as you get on the other side of the stream," said Bridget, "it seems as if you were in another land, everything is so dreary and waste; but all the travellers say that far and wide in the neighbourhood our village is the prettiest."

All excepting that clump of fir-trees," replied her husband; "just look back and see how black and desolate that solitary spot looks in the whole of the cheerful scene; the smoky huts behind the dark fir-trees; the ruined stalls, and the brook flowing by so melancholy."

"It is true," said his wife, as they both stood still, "as soon as you come to that place you feel sad and troubled, without knowing why. I should like to know who the people are that live there, and why they keep away from all the neighbourhood so, as if they had no very clean consciences."

"Poor folks," answered the young farmer, "apparently gipsies who rob and cheat perhaps in distant places, and have their hiding-place here. I wonder that the Count allows them to stay here."

"Perhaps," said his wife compassionately, "they are poor people who are ashamed of their poverty, for after

all, there is nothing that we can accuse them of ; only it is singular that they do not go to church, and one does not see what they live on, for the little garden cannot possibly support them, and besides it seems to be entirely uncultivated ; and they have no fields."

"God knows what they carry on there," said Martin as they walked on ; "no one goes near them, for the place seems enchanted and bewitched, so that the most inquisitive fellow would not venture near there."

They continued their conversation as they walked on towards the field. The gloomy spot of which they spoke, lay on one side of the village. In a hollow, surrounded with fir-trees, there might be seen a hut, with out-houses almost in ruins ; seldom was smoke seen to ascend from it, and still more seldom were any inhabitants to be seen ; once in a while inquisitive persons, who had ventured somewhat nearer, had seen some frightful-looking women in ragged clothing and sitting on a bench before the hut, with children just as hideous and filthy, tumbling about in their laps ; black dogs were seen running about the place, and at even-tide an immense man it was said used to cross the bridge over the brook and go into the hut, and then in the darkness various forms were seen moving, like shadows round a fire in the fields. This hollow, the fir-trees and the hut formed in reality a strange contrast in the cheerful green landscape, to the white houses of the village and the magnificent and newly-built castle.

The two children finished their fruit, and took to running races together ; but the little active Maria always had the better of Andrew, who could not run so fast. "It is only a knack you have !" cried he at last, "but let us try a long run, and then we'll see who wins !"

"Just as you please," said Maria, "but we must not run towards the brook."

"No," answered Andrew, "but up on the hill there stands the great pear-tree, three-quarters of a mile from here; now I will run here to the left, by the fir-trees, and you can run to the right, into the field, so that we shall not meet till we get up there to the pear-tree, and then we will see who runs the best."

"Very well," said Maria, beginning to run immediately; "then we shall not hinder each other on the way, and father says it is just as far to the top of the hill, whether you go on this side of the gipsy-house, or the other."

Andrew had already got a start, and Maria who ran to the right could not see him. "It's very stupid in him, after all," said she to herself, "for if I only made up my mind to cross the bridge and pass by the hut and so through the yard, I should certainly get there first." She came now to the brook opposite the fir-trees. "Shall I?" said she, "no it is too frightful." On the opposite side there stood a little white dog, barking with all his might. In her terror the animal seemed to her like a monster, and she sprang back. "O dear!" said she, "now he has got on ahead, while I am standing and thinking about it."

The little dog barked on, and as she looked at it more carefully it did not look so terrible after all, but on the contrary, very pretty; it had a red ribbon round its neck, with a glittering bell, and as it raised its head and shook it in barking it sounded very pleasantly. "Well! I will venture!" cried little Maria, "I will run as fast as I can, and quick, quick out the other side, they can't eat me up after all!" So saying the bold merry child jumped upon

the bridge and passed quickly the little dog, who was now quiet and jumped up and wagged his tail. She had now reached the hollow, and the dark fir-trees round about her shut off the view towards her father's house and the rest of the landscape.

But how she was astonished ! The most brilliant and cheerful flower-garden surrounded her ; there were tulips, roses and lilies of the most splendid colours ; blue and golden-red butterflies rocked themselves in the blossoms ; birds of various colours, singing melodiously, hung in cages of glittering wire from the branches ; and children in short white frocks, with golden curls and bright eyes, were frolicking about ; some playing with little lambs, others feeding the birds, or collecting flowers for one another, and others were eating cherries, grapes and rosy-apricots. No hut was to be seen, but a large beautiful house with a bronze door covered with work in relief, stood in the midst of the space. Maria was beside herself with astonishment, and did not know what to make of it ; but not being bashful, she went up to the nearest child, reached out her hand, and bade her good-day. "Are you come to make us a visit for once ?" said the beautiful child ; "I have seen you running and jumping about outside there, but you were afraid of our little dog."

"Then you are not gipsies and vagabonds, as Andrew always says," said Maria, "but for that matter he is stupid to be sure, and says a great deal that he knows nothing about."

"Stay with us," said the wonderful little child, "and you will enjoy yourself."

"But we are running a race."

"Oh you will get there soon enough for him. There eat that!"

Maria ate, and found the fruit sweeter than any she had ever tasted, and Andrew, the race, and the prohibition of her parents were entirely forgotten.

A tall lady in a splendid dress came out and asked about the strange child. "Madam," said Maria, "I came here by accident, and they want me to stay."

"You know, Zerina," said the lady, "that she can stay only a short time, and moreover you should have asked me first."

"I thought I might ask her, as she was allowed to come across the bridge," said the beautiful child; "and we have often seen her running about in the field, and you have been pleased with her cheerfulness. She will have to leave us early enough at all events."

"No, I will stay here," said Maria, "for it is so beautiful here, and there are the best playthings here, and strawberries and cherries besides; over there it is not so pleasant."

The lady in the splendid dress went away smiling, and many of the children now jumped about the frolicksome Maria, and played and danced with her; others brought their lambs and curious toys to her; others played on instruments and sang. But most of all she liked the one that met her first, for she was most friendly and pleasant.

Little Maria repeated over and over, "I will stay with you always, and you shall be my sisters"; upon which all the children laughed and embraced her.

"Now we will play a beautiful game," said Zerina. She ran quickly into the palace, and came back with a

little golden case, in which there were glittering seeds. She took up a few grains with her little fingers, and scattered them on the green grass. Immediately the grass rustled like waves, and in a few moments rose-bushes sprung up out of the earth, quickly grew up and blossomed, giving out the most delicious fragrance. Maria took up some of the seed too, and when she scattered it, there sprung up white lilies and variegated carnations. At a motion from Zerina the flowers disappeared again, and others came in their place.

"Now," said Zerina, "I will show you something on a larger scale." She placed two pine-seeds in the earth, and stamped them in hard with her foot. Two green bushes stood before them. "Take fast hold of me," said she, and Maria put her arm round her slender waist. Then they felt themselves raised up, for the trees grew up under them with the greatest rapidity; the high pine-trees moved back and forth and the two children swung to and fro in the red evening-clouds, embracing and kissing each other; the other children climbed nimbly up and down the trunks of the trees, and romped and played together when they met, with loud laughter. If any one of them fell down, it flew through the air and came down slowly to the ground without hurting itself. At last Maria was afraid; the other children sang something aloud, and the trees sunk again just as gradually into the earth, and let them down, as it had raised them up to the clouds.

J. E. C.

[To be continued.]

A FRAGMENT.

How blest were they who heard the truths he taught,
And from the fountain living treasures brought !
On the green turf they sat from morn till night,
Still with new pleasure, and increased delight.
The evening twilight closed the long bright day,
Nor moved th' enchanted multitude away.
Oh ! happy throng of listeners, fully blest !
To whom these holy accents were addressed,
" I am the bread of life," and, " come all ye
With sorrow laden, I will make you free."—
Oh ! sympathy divine ! the weary soul
Yields its hard burthen to thy blessed control !—
Yet for their humble wants he, gracious, cared,
And in the wilderness his bounty shared,
His pitying eye beheld a world distressed,
And made the lowly wanderer his guest ;
To whom in strains of love, new wisdom flowed
And in his panting soul divinely glowed.
For home at length they lift the swelling sail,
While in their hearts the dawn of truth they hail.
Oh ! happy homes ! where stormy passions cease,
And anguish yields to hope, and faith, and peace :
The Christian's hope ! whose calm, and tranquil ray,
Pours its clear light through many a troubled day.

H. C.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE in the old time, a king's son, the only hope of his father, lay ill of a deadly sickness. His father vowed to Allah all his wealth and his kingdoms, if his son might yet live, and the prayers of a whole people went up in his behalf.

The grief of the old man touched the merciful Allah, and he chose from among his spirits two, who should restore health to the youth. One was Myrrha, the most loving and beneficent of all around his throne; the other was Rhapez, the most stern and severe, whose presence terrifies even those he comes to save.

With their utmost speed they descended to the capital. The people had deserted their homes and their occupations, and crowded round the palace, seeking tidings of the prince. The mosques were thronged with devotees offering gifts and prayers that the boon might be granted. In each minaret the tongues of the Imaums repeated the praises of the prince, and the vast promise of the king. In the palace was more excessive grief. The king and his courtiers sate with their faces covered, mute, hopeless. In the women's apartments were violent weeping and extravagant bursts of affection for the dying prince. In his stately chamber he lay silent, unconcerned. A violent paroxysm of his disorder had just passed off, and he lay exhausted and quiet.

It was the hour of prayer when the heavenly messengers entered the thick crowd. Every knee was bent to the All-powerful One, and every turbanned head turned

toward the Holy Place. No eye was raised to them, as, with noiseless steps, they passed swiftly on their errand of mercy, Necessity clothed in his long dark robes, Love in raiment of shining white. Side by side they entered the presence of the king, and stood before him as he ended his fervent prayer.

"Allah is merciful, and forever to be adored," said Myrrha, who longed to bestow the favor he had brought; "He has not forgotten thee, O king, in thy affliction. He grants this favor to his faithful servant. He sends us to restore thy son. Lead us to him that he may choose between us."

The weeping parent saw by the countenance of the messenger that he came from the presence of Allah, and, with holy awe, he led him to his son's apartment. Myrrha seized the prince's hand like an old friend; he pressed it tenderly in his own, and covered his wan forehead with tears and kisses. He raised him in his arms, and besought him to lean upon his bosom.

The father and the bystanders were moved to tears by the love of an angelic being so touchingly expressed, but the youth remained unmoved, spell-bound, as it were in a strange trance. Whether his apathy was caused by the late violence of his disorder, or came from his naturally impassive character they knew not, but it made his father almost frantic. He besought him to consider his feelings, not to leave him a feeble, childless old man. He told him how the gracious Allah had sent from around his throne blessed angels to recal him from the grave. But power to save him without an effort of his own was not given them, and the time allotted to the gentler one was swiftly passing. The youth listened to his father's

words, and his expressive face showed he understood their meaning. He also looked gratefully on the beaming Myrrha, and received his caresses affectionately.

Myrrha, who had supposed that at his touch the youth would spring from the bed to the arms of his father, was grieved at his indifference. As the half hour passed, he implored him, as if it were for himself he was pleading, to come back to life under his guidance, and not with his stern brother. The young man gazed at him half-persuaded. He even meant to accompany him, but found the effort too great. He was pleased to be so loved, and did not believe that one so kind was in earnest in such dark threats. The half hour passed, and Myrrha, covering his face in his garment, vanished. At that instant swift flames filled the room—the gorgeous couch became a bed of fire; the young man was forced to leap from it, and follow the stern spirit away into outer darkness.

Five years from that time mourners surrounded another death-bed; and now they wept not that youth was cut down in its glory, rather that the hoary head descended to the tomb by so lonely and sad a path. The old man had sorrowed bitterly over the events of that night, and could never wholly despair of finding his lost son. As this hope grew fainter, his heart grew sadder and more feeble, his strength wasted, and he was lying in his dying bed now with only this one hope glimmering in his breast, like a dim funereal lamp. Without, the tempest was raging; black waves dashed against the very walls of the palace; thunder and howling winds threatened to rend it asunder and leave the old man exposed to their fury.

There was no rest for the dying that night, and in the midst of it, pale, determined, with an aspect whereon

many tales were sculptured, the prince appeared. Whether he had dwelt meanwhile in the howling wilderness, prisoned in some lower form because he was untrue to his own nature, or had done severer penance among the powers of darkness, he told not. Enough that Allah had been mindful of his old servant and let him depart in peace. c.

THE PICNIC.

"ARE Mrs. Nayson and Elvira to be of our party?" asked Stella of Mrs. Dalton, the morning before 'Picnic day,' as Ralph Foster called it.

"You may invite Elvira and her sister," was her mother's reply; "but Mrs. Foster and myself have not included Mrs. Nayson in our arrangements."

"Stella thought in an instant why her mother had not extended an invitation to Mrs. Nayson, and it was with many misgivings for the success of her mission that she went to ask Elvira and little Jane. But Mr. and Mrs. Nayson were both absent, and the housekeeper said that the children might go.

"Where is it to be?" asked Elvira of her friend.

"In the little dell at the foot of Mount Gerizim, as the boys have named it."

"Oh, the place I call Glen Blackstone, because the rocks are so very dark colored;" exclaimed Elvira; "and Stella," she continued, "it is a glen, not a dell;"

and thereupon rose quite a discussion between the little misses as to the peculiar characteristics of a glen and a dell. Stella thought it was a dell because it was a hollow vale among sloping grassy hills, and Elvira argued that it was a glen because those hills were so steep, and were the lower steps of high Berkshire mountains, and moreover were frequently broken by ridges of rough black, mossy rocks crumbled into huge fragments and mingled with shrubbery and tall old trees.

Stella persisted that they were going to meet in a dell, and Elvira laughingly declared that the dell filled a glen, and then they called to Ralph Foster, who was trundling a hoop in the road, to know whether it was a glen or a dell, and Ralph, throwing his hoop over his neck, and lengthening his face, to appear as much like a judge as possible, assured them that he had never read or heard of dells or glens in the vicinity of Mount Gerizim, and he thought if it was anything at all, it was a little valley. The girls agreed to his decision, and Stella, bidding her friend "Good morning," helped Ralph trundle the hoop until she reached her own home.

The next was a charming summer's morn, and as Stella drew aside at early dawn her window curtain, the glow of the eastern sky, as ruddy as her cheeks' bright hue, promised a very favorable day.

The children had been precluded as much as possible from all knowledge of the arrangements, that their pleasure might be enhanced by the surprise and novelty. Even Stella did not know of what the collation was to consist, only that Mrs. Nayson's housekeeper had sent to her mother some fine early plums and melons. The little Fosters, with their newly arrived cousins and the

invited guests, knew nothing but that Ralph said there was to be "an out o' doors spree."

The morning passed wearily to some of the children, but Ralph Foster kept his cousins and sisters too busy to think, and Stella Dalton occupied herself learning to knit a new kind of edging. Then came noon and dinner, and also some light fleecy clouds over the sun, which troubled the children, but were afterwards acknowledged a grateful veil over the warm, brilliant rays.

The party was soon collected, and they had first a long, pleasant walk in the shady road, then a bridge, hill, and rocky ledge, then another bridge and a meadow, then they skirted a wood, whose shade was very refreshing as they lingered under the trees, and then they passed on over some pasture ground to the vale near Mount Gerizim.

The party were all weary enough to enjoy seats upon the "rock-moss ottomans" as Maria Foster called them, and as they sat cooling themselves, Ralph brought water from a spring among the rocks to quench their thirst, and his mother then regaled them with some sweet tones from the guitar, which had been placed upon the top of the basket-wagon load that the boys had drawn with them. Then commenced games among the children, and wanderings among the rocks and woods, for flowers, mosses, old bird's nests, pine canes, oak apples, and anything else interesting that might come to hand.

Mrs. Dalton sketched a view of the glen; Mrs. Britton, a guest, twined wreaths of the evergreen and life-everlasting which grew around them; Mrs. Foster arranged mosses for a card basket, and some of the children amused themselves in the valley.

It was while Mrs. Dalton was putting aside her sketching materials that Stella ran to her, all out of breath, her eyes flashing, and her cheeks glowing with joyous excitement, and throwing herself into her arms exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I am so happy!" Her mother kissed her tenderly, and smoothed back the fair but disshevelled hair which had fallen over her face. Then came Maria and Elvira to tell of their exploits with the grace-hoop, which they had thrown one hundred and eighty-seven times without dropping it, and in the short space of three minutes and a half, for Mrs. Britton counted by her watch.

And then arrived the delegation from the woods, with all sorts of sylvan treasures, and Willy Nayson gave his sister "a walking breast-pin" as Ralph had named it, which was in fact a slowly moving bug, of the shape and brilliance of a jewelled breast-pin.

Merton, one of the cousins, gave Maria a long kidney-shaped green pod, of a prickly appearance, but he said that the pricks would not prick, and she carried it to her mother as she opened it. It was filled with soft, moist, fibery pulp, and her mother said it was the silk-weed, and that if she should keep one until it was perfectly dry before she opened it, she would find the soft white seeds hardened, and turned to a bright reddish-brown, and the fibres connected with each seed would have changed to a fine white glossy silk, reflecting the light like a soap-bubble with prismatic hues.

She ran away to gather one for keeping, and soon returned with the prize, besides a bouquet of five varieties of which one was the bright blossom of the thistle. Mrs. Britton decked the little girls with her garlands, which were much admired for their beauty and good

taste, and her grateful little friends all wondered how she could make them so pretty with no garden flowers.

While they were talking, resting, and admiring, they heard Mrs. Foster's voice singing loudly in the distance, "Oh, come, come away." Mrs. Britton started, and requested the children to follow her. They soon reached the shady nook where the ladies had prepared their collation. It was within the shadow of a high ledge of rocks from the interstices of which green shrubs grew almost horizontally, forming an arbour above them. A large flat rock at the base of the ledge was covered with a white damask cloth, and formed their table. There was no china upon it, but at regular intervals were placed nice sandwiches, and each one sat down upon the soft grass before a sandwich. There was a loaf of plain cake in the centre, beautifully dressed with garlands, and tarts, melons and fruits adorned the rest of the table. From the boughs above there depended oranges, and everything which could be attached to them. Even little baker's jumbles were tied up with bits of taste.

Water drank from a silver pitcher was their beverage, and never had tasted more grateful. The table, with its eatables, wreaths and bouquets, looked very inviting, and all, including the mammas themselves, made a nice repast.

After the little feast was over, Mrs. Britton gathered the children around her to tell them about Cuba, where she had lived when a little girl, but Mrs. Dalton invited Stella to take a walk with her. She took her mother's hand, and soon perceived that they were ascending by a winding path the high hill. They toiled on while it grew more steep and rocky, Mrs. Dalton cheering her

little daughter by the promise of a fine view from the brow of the hill, and assisting her over the most rugged steps. At length they gained the summit, with the welts in their dresses somewhat ripped, and shoes sadly torn.

Stella seated herself by her mother upon the topmost rocks, and then they looked around to enjoy the landscape below. It was entirely new to the little girl, nor had she ever experienced a sensation similar to that with which she breathed in the first draught of air and beauty. Below was all the village, like an outspread map, with the fields and forests in its vicinity. She could mark the course as a whole of the adjoining river, and see its bridge like a faint line suspended over it, and all the living creatures moved about so distinctly to her view, yet so noiseless. The setting sun bathed the whole earth in rich glory, and the shouts of the party they had left came faintly up to her ear like shadows of sound. It seemed as though they belonged to a world which she had left, and that she was translated to some holier state of being. She thought of heaven, its God and its blessed angels, and she wished that she might always be there, and feel thus. Yet she was oppressed by her sensations; there was no smile upon her lip, and her usually sparkling eyes looked now like the calm surface of dark waters, and there was a new expression in their depths.

"Stella," said Mrs. Dalton at length, "are you not happy?"

"Oh mother," she replied, with a hushed voice, "this is better than being happy!"

The mother was silent a few moments, and then continued, "Do you not remember, my daughter, that I one day told you I would answer your question with regard

to Mrs. Nayson? You wished to know, at the time of your school exhibition, and when she had deceived you all with a composition sent in her daughter's hand and name, by which Elvira carried the prize from you, wherein she was the loser in every view. She had been the gainer by her successful stratagem, and she had so little conscience that an unprincipled success was as pleasing to her as a different result would have been to you and me. My child, if there is no retribution hereafter, no remorse or uneasiness here, yet are not all such persons losers in their incapacity for noble feelings, high sentiments, and holy pleasures? Believe me that there are in the moral world, as in the material, high hills where the air is purer, the light brighter, and the breath freer, where we can look upward to an unobscured heaven, around upon a wide horizon, and where all the noisy tumultuous world is spread far beneath us. We are nearer heaven, and we almost hear its seraph voices. Men and their works diminish to our view, and our souls expand within us for the draughts of holy joy which they drink in. True we are not mirthful, our voices are subdued, and our hearts lie still; but (and I use the word in your childish sense,) there is something better than being *happy*. Those, like Mrs. Nayson, who are merely gay, mirthful, and trifling, are not often if ever happy in, the highest sense of the term, and those who are often sad, thoughtful and afflicted, are also often truly happy. They toil upwards, it may be, over a rugged way; their shoes are torn, and their feet sore; their limbs are wearied and their breath comes gaspingly. But 'Excelsior' is their motto. They go on, on, over cold Alpine heights, but the air is so pure, the sky so brilliant, heaven so near, earth so far beneath, and their souls so elate with

pure joy, that higher yet, and onward still, they go, and spend their life in struggling aspirations through the cold, pure, stony mountains. And this indeed is better than being happy."

The sun had set, and they cast a parting glance at the twilight scenery around and beneath them, and then descended the hill. This was much easier than the ascent, and at the foot of it they found Mr. Dalton, who was just at leisure to join them.

He gave an arm to his wife, and a hand to Stella, and as they walked homeward, he told Mrs. Dalton of the events of the day, and what he had learned from his newspapers. There was some sad intelligence, and as he related it the smile with which he had been greeted faded all away. The license law was not to be sustained, and misery was to spread around them with a new impulse. A runaway slave had been captured by his pursuers, and one who had endeavored to assist him was cast into prison. As Stella looked at their saddened countenances, she thought within herself, "Mrs. Naysen would care nothing for this, nor would Mrs. Britton be less gay, but my parents would not be like them. There is something better than being happy."

That night, as she lay in her little bed, waiting the kind sleep which would soon come and close her eyes and rest her limbs, she thought over the events of the day. Its merry scenes passed through her memory, as the pictures of a magic lantern glide through the darkness, and then came other thoughts like a pure light, and the magic pictures passed away in the brightness. Purer sentiments filled her soul, and her last waking idea was this: "There is something better than being happy."

H. F.

THOUGHTS WITH MY FRIEND

On the eve of her departure for the better Country.

WHAT these signs of preparation—
Why the lingering farewell spoke ?
Why these precious tokens gathered
Curling tress, and ring, and book ?

Gentle Pilgrim ! art thou going—
Is thine earthly journey done ?
Stay thee ! many a work of duty,
Vainly waiteth to be done.

White baird'd father—tender mother—
Resting on thy loving heart,
Peaceful view the downward passage,
Must that anchor'd hope depart ?

Parted brother—lonely sister—
Wait thee at the household hearth,
With them, for their little season,
Share the changeful lot of earth.

See ye not the children waiting
Like that old "returning dove" ?
Teacher !—death is on the billows ;
Draw them to the ark above.

See ye not the faithful pastors,
With a yearning love untold—
Watching—warning, meekly praying ?
They will miss thee from the fold.

Friends, amid the festal greeting,
Miss the wonted gladsome voice,
Yet, again, the homes of sorrow,
In its echoes must rejoice.

Burden'd with the worlds requirements,
I have sought thy couch of pain ;
Lifted on thine aspirations,—
Faith and peace have come again.

Oh, how radiant was the brightness
Beaming through the weary night ;
Darkness, o'er the earth-born creeping,
But the spirit bath'd in light.

Now I read the mild reproval
In thy heavy, weary eye ;
Failing form, and hollow features,
Every painful breath a sigh.

Press not thus thy wasted fingers
Round this selfish grasping hand,
Gently—though it would withhold thee,
From “ Our Father's ” kind demand.

Now we yield thee to the summons ;
Dried the weeping—hushed the strife—
Thou hast had none—to thy spirit,
Death is but the seal of life—

Life eternal—life untroubled—
Uncheck'd ministries of bliss ;
Rest upon the Saviour's bosom,
In a nobler sphere than this.

Boston, October, 1845.

S.

CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL ACADEMY.

ABOUT 2200 years ago lived Socrates, a very wise man, and a lover of wisdom, for which reason he is commonly called the *philosopher* Socrates. A number of young persons and others looked up to him for instruction, for they were also lovers of wisdom. They usually met together in a garden belonging to a person named Acade-

mus, whence the place of meeting was called the Academy. In our times this name is given to schools of a very different kind. A *classical* school is one where Greek and Latin, (perhaps Hebrew also,) are [taught. These are called the learned languages ; the knowledge of these is not necessary for all, because a few persons, if good scholars, and honest men, can translate those books which are needed for the use of all.

The Old Testament has been translated for us from the Hebrew tongue, and the New Testament from the Greek, to our unspeakable benefit. Yet so used are we to hear the Scriptures in English, that I fear we forget to be thankful for the blessing. Young readers, if it be in your power go once or twice to a French or Dutch Church, where you understand not a word of the service—hymns, prayers, or sermons,—and then you will feel the blessing to be great indeed. The Bible is said to have been translated into one hundred and thirty-nine tongues.

Commerce means trade, exchanging goods for money, or for other goods which are more wanted than those we part with. At a Commercial school, boys bringing up to trades of various kinds, should learn French, arithmetic, geography, geometry, and many other useful things. If intended for trades which will make them have dealings with foreign countries, such as Spain, Holland, Germany, &c., they must learn the modern languages, the Spanish, the Dutch, the German languages. Every shopkeeper, will find the knowledge of French useful, and every kind person is glad to be able to assist poor foreigners, which the knowledge of French is one means of enabling him to do.

P. Q. R.

INSCRIPTION UNDER THE PICTURE OF AN AGED NEGRO WOMAN.

[From the Christian Child's Faithful Friend.]

Will not these eloquent lines touch the hearts of American women and American girls who will soon be women? **ED.**

"ART thou a woman? so am I; and all
That woman can be, I have been, or am,—
A daughter, sister, consort, mother, widow.
Which e'er of these thou art, O be the friend
Of one, who is what thou canst never be!*
Look on thyself, thy kindred, home, and country;
Then fall upon thy knees, and cry, "*Thank God*"
An English woman cannot be a slave.
Art thou a man? Oh! I have known, have loved,
And lost all that to woman man *can* be—
A father, brother, husband, son, who shared
My *bliss* in *freedom*, and my *woe* in *bondage*.
A childless widow now, a *friendless slave*.
What shall I ask of thee, since I have nought
To lose but life's sad burden! nought to gain,
But Heaven's repose. These are beyond thy power;
Me thou canst neither wrong nor help—What then?
Go to the bosom of thy family,
Gather thy little children round thy knees,
Gaze on their innocence; their clear full eyes,
All fixed on thine; and in their mother mark
The loveliest look that woman's face can wear;
Her look of love beholding thine and thee.
Then at the altar of your household joys,
Vow one by one, vow altogether: vow,
With heart and voice, eternal enmity
Against oppression by your brethren's hands;
Till man nor woman, under Britannia's laws,
Nor son, nor daughter, born within her empire,
Shall *buy*, or *sell*, or *hold*, or *be a slave*."

* A slave.

THE TWO BEES.

ONE fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey : the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties set before them ; the one loading his thighs at intervals with wax for the construction of his hive ; the other revelling in sweets without regard to any thing but his present gratification.

At length they found a wide-mouthed vial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped with caution, but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers ; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them.

In the evening, however he called for his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive, but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament, with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.—*Christian Child's Faithful Friend.*